HOLIDAY ALBUM

FOR GIRLS

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THE

HOLIDAY ALBUM,

FOR GIRLS.

By LAURIE LORING.

Boston:
Published by D. Lothrop & Co.
Dover, N. H.: G. T. Day & Co.
1875.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874,
By D. LOTHROP & CO.,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PICTURE Story-Book.

W. THOMAS Jr.

LOOKING OVER THE GIFTS.

These five little girls have brought their toys and placed them upon the table, for they wished to see how pretty they would look together. Only one little boy is with them. This is their favorite cousin, Ernest. He is lame, so he cannot go out with the other boys to coast and skate. He is sitting at the table now, and Dora is standing with her hand on his shoulder. They are never quite as merry when Ernest is with them.

See how soberly Ilda looks up at her sister Ada, who is kneeling in the chair. Even wild little Lu stands leaning on the table, with one finger in her mouth, as though her restless little feet never felt like tripping about from morning till night. While Elfie, who is the cunningest, most lovable little body in the world, for once has allowed her rose-bud of a mouth to rest, and isn't kissing either sisters or cousins.

But they will soon get tired of looking at their Christmas gifts; then Ernest will hide away in some quiet corner with a picture book, and the girls will have a gay frolic.

LITTLE MISCHIEF.

This is one of the names which have been given to little Bell Bartlett. Sometimes, when dressed in blue, her papa calls her his Bluebell. If she has her red dress on, grandma says she is a Redbird. And when mamma finds the contents of her work-box overturned, she calls her little Mischief.

What name should you give her now? Her dolly lies neglected on the table, and its clothes are scattered about instead of being laid in the bureau. Bell spied the box you see in her hand, and everything else was forgotten. She tried and tried to open it, but could not, so she put on grandma's spectacles, saying, "Guess I can see how to do it now."

When mamma talks to her for being naughty, she often says, "Don't scold, I's so little." Her mamma doesn't scold, only talks kindly and pleasantly to her. If mamma looks sad because she isn't a good girl, Bell feels badly, and climbs into her lap and kisses her, saying, "I's dreffful sorry;" then mamma returns the kiss, and Bell is happy once more.

TIRED LULU.

Lulu has been playing with Gyp, and now she feels very tired. Gyp is tired too. You can see him lying on the floor. He likes to be near Lulu, and when she climbed into grandma's lap, he lay down close beside the chair.

The book which you see open upon the table is the Bible. Grandma was reading it when Lulu came in; but she loves little children, and is always ready to take them in her arms. Then she often tells them a story. She is telling Lulu one now. It is about the little baby boy who was placed in an ark of bulrushes and then laid in the flags by the side of the river.

The little baby did not die, for God took care of him. Do you know his name, or what he did when he became a man? If you do not, you must ask your grandmother to tell you the story, or to find the place for you in the Bible, that you may read it yourself.

Perhaps she will tell you other stories, for there are many nice ones in this best of books.

Kilburn

"Do, Viola, walk along properly, and put up that horrid jewsharp."

"Now, my dear, good sister Maria, I can't be sober and steady like you, any way; so don't ask me."

"You might help drag the sled, then you could go along steadily, I guess."

"It might make my arms ache. Besides, I must provide music for the march. Will you have 'Over the snow we glide,' or 'Lo! the conquering hero comes'?" and Viola put the absurd little instrument to her mouth as she danced along backward.

"Viola, why can't you be sober once in your life?"

"Because I think 'twould make me sick," she answered with mock gravity. Maria could not help laughing at this, and Viola quickly asked, —

"Now don't you feel better?"

"Better? Why?"

"Because you laughed, of course."

"It doesn't do one bit of good to talk to you, Viola."

"Please stop, then. Don't waste your breath."

Mr. North was busy writing his sermon, when he heard pattering steps approach, then a faint knock. He said nothing, and soon a bird-like voice said, —

"Esse come, papa!"

This was just what he wished to hear, so he opened the door and lifted his darling to a seat on his shoulder. After carrying her across the room several times, he said, "Now papa must write his sermon."

"Esse help!" was her quick reply.

"Well, what will my little daughter write in the sermon?" asked Mr. North, as he sat down with the child on his knee.

"God is love," was the ready answer. It was her one verse from the Bible which she repeated on all occasions.

"Shall I write it for you?" asked her father.

"No; Esse write!"

So he put the pen in her hand and guided it until the words were written.

"Esse help papa write sermon!" was her joyful exclamation as she ran to her mother.

"What will Esse do to help mamma?"

"Esse love mamma!"

This poor old lady was so confused by the hurry, confusion, and noise as she entered the cars, that she lost her money. And now she wonders how she shall ever get to her sick daughter's. She is so troubled that she cannot prevent one or two tears running down her furrowed cheeks.

This only serves to amuse the two young men who sit behind her; but Maggie Read, the young girl who is in the same seat, pities her. She tells her that she will speak to the conductor about it; then she kindly inquires where she is going. And when she finds that they will travel together a part of the way, she promises to help her all she can. Maggie hasn't a great deal of money herself, but she gives the old lady a part. Others in the car see what she is doing, and they wish to help also.

Soon the poor woman has more money than when she started, and Maggie helps her place it safely in her bag. She is very grateful for this kindness.

There is no trait more lovely in the young than thoughtful care for the aged.

TWO LITTLE BIRDIES.

Two little birdies out in the snow,
Merry and gay,
Flying about for seeds and for crumbs
All the cold day.

Where do you sleep, little birdies, tell;
In some old tree?
In a snug hole do you creep away,
So none can see?

Who calls you early, at morning light,
From cosey nest?
Do you change your coat, or do you wear
Always your best?

When fierce winds come, rocking your bed,
Do you not fear,
And oft tremble in your tiny home,
With no one near?

Ah! little birdies, you trust in One
Who cares for all.
The good Father above sees even
A sparrow's fall.

"Is't fever, doctor Ned?" asked Tina, with a look of great anxiety.

"No, 'cause she's too black," was the answer, in a tone which the little doctor tried to make gruff. Then he scowled his forehead as though studying Judy's case.

Suddenly he turned to Tina, saying in his natural tone,—

"She's too dirty to be sick. Why didn't you wash her face and make her look white? Sick folks are always white as — as — my handkerchief," he said at last.

"O, your han'k'chief is just as dirty as Judy's face. She's white one side. I spilt papa's ink there, and poor Judy can't be washed when she's so sick. I guess when babies have measles they ain't white either. I'd say something if I had papa's big hat on, and mamma's bag. I know she's awful sick. You ain't a good doctor," said Tina, looking disappointed.

"O! papa takes hold of folks' arms. He tells so;" and doctor Ned grasped Judy's arm, while Tina looked anxious again.

"Whooping-cough!" said Ned, soberly.

"That'll do," was Tina's satisfied answer.

BUTTERFLIES.

You have all seen butterflies in summer; but did you ever see one in the winter? Let me tell you about one Minnie saw, one cold day in winter, when the ground was covered with snow.

In a warm, south window she had a few plants, some of them in bloom. She was out of the room a short time, and when she came back there was a beautiful butterfly on the top of a bright scarlet verbena. She wondered where it came from, and how it happened to be on her flowers. She felt quite sure some one put it there. She asked her brother, but he knew nothing about it. When her father came in to tea, however, he could not help smiling, and Minnie felt sure that he was the one who did it.

At last he said that it had been in the shop for several days, flying about the window and alighting upon the floor wherever the sun shone. He took hold of its wings and brought it into the house, thinking it would look pretty upon Minnie's flowers.

While Mrs. Sherman was walking out one morning, she saw a child on a doorstep with bare feet and legs, and such a forsaken look, that she stopped and asked, "What is your name, little girl?"

"Sue."

"What else?"

"Just Sue; nothing else!" she answered.

"Where do your parents live?"

"Father and mother both dead!"

"Where do you live, my child?"

"Nowhere!" was the hopeless answer.

"Will you come home with me?" asked the lady.

"My baby and cat must come, too."

"Where is your baby?" Mrs. Sherman asked in surprise.

"Here!" and Sue pointed to the bottle dressed up as a doll, which she held in her arms, then looked down at the black cat rubbing against her scanty dress.

"Well, take them both and come with me. I will give you a new doll baby."

Sue followed her quickly, for to have a real doll was her greatest desire.

Barrick del.
HOWARD sc

After Sue was washed, and dressed in good, clean clothes, and her hair combed, you would hardly know her. Perhaps you would not think it was Sue, if she did not hold the old bottle baby in her hand. She is telling the lady that she may throw it away, for she likes her new doll better.

Sue is almost eight years old, yet she never had a doll before. This is why she thinks so much of it. If she had had as many as some little girls I know, she would not enjoy this one half as much.

Her black cat was not in the room, for Mrs. Sherman told Sue that the shed was the best place for it. She gave her a box to sleep in, and plenty of good bread and milk to eat.

I think Sue will be a good girl if she lives with Mrs. Sherman, for she is such a good lady. And she will be very happy playing with her doll in the nice, pleasant rooms, or out in the pretty flower garden.

I hope little Sue will do all she can to please Mrs. Sherman, for she has been very kind to her.

MAUD'S LETTER.

"O, dear, I don't wish to stop now and write a letter," thought Maud Duncan, as she sat reading a book in her chamber. The pen and ink being before her, she could not forget what her mother had said.

"You had better write a letter to your father this afternoon, Maud. He will wish to hear from home very much, and I cannot write to-day, for baby is sick."

Maud often wrote short letters to her father when he was away, but to-day she wished to read. She did not like to stop when she had just commenced such an interesting chapter. She would finish that, then there would be time enough to write. But she became more and more interested in the story and forgot all else, until she heard her mother say, —

"Have you finished your letter, Maud?"

"Not yet," was the answer, as she hastily closed the book and took up a sheet of paper. She wrote a few lines, then hurried down, saying, "I'll go to the office now."

"It is too late for the afternoon mail," said her mother, soberly; and without a word of excuse Maud left the room.

OPENING THE GATE.

Little Pearl has been playing in the garden with her doll Nix. She gathered all the flowers she wanted there, then she wished very much to open the gate and go into the field beyond. But mamma had often told her not to go out of the garden, nor even to open the gate.

The best way would have been not to go near it. But restless little Pearl kept going nearer and nearer, and at last she stood with Nix in her arms looking through.

"We shan't open it — shall we, Nix?" she kept saying. She had not forgotten what her mother told her, yet all the time one hand was on the gate.

"Nix can't see good. I'll open it a little mite for Nix," she said.

Then the gate was slowly opened, and the doll's head thrust through. But 'twas naughty little Pearl who wished to see, not Nix; and soon she was in the field beyond. She walked a long distance looking for flowers, and then she could not find her way back to the gate.

Pearl could not find the way to the gate again, so she crept through the fence out into the road. She often called "Mamma! mamma!" but she could not find her. At last she saw a gentleman coming, and she ran and took hold of his coat, and said, —

"Pearl wants to go home!"

He looked down pleasantly upon the little mite of a girl, and asked, "Who is Pearl, little one?"

"I'm mamma's Pearl. I want to see my own mamma!" and one or two tears rolled down the dusty little face. Then she looked for her handkerchief. As she was wiping her face, the gentleman noticed a mark in one corner, and then he held it up to see if he could find a name.

Yes, there it was — Pearl Dayton — in tiny letters. Then he took the child in his strong arms, and told her he would carry her to her own home.

Her mother was very glad to clasp her little lost Pearl in her arms again.

SAY'S BABY HOUSE.

"Halloo, Say! going to ride out in that farm cart?" said Bob to his sister, as she climbed into the cart with her doll.

"This is my baby-house stormy days. Isn't it nice?" answered Say, as she sat down upon some straw in the bottom of the cart.

"Want me to give you both a ride? I'll do it for nothing after I've whittled out this arrow."

"No. I don't wish to go out in the rain, for Cora's new dress will get wet;" and Say looked at her doll's dress with great delight, for she had made a part of it herself. Some of the stitches were rather long and crooked, but it was sewed very well for a little girl like Say, and she thought nothing could look prettier.

Bob loved to tease Say about her doll, so now he asked, "Who cut that dress?"

"Mother. Isn't it pretty?"

"It will do very well for a doll. But why didn't you go to the dressmaker? Then it would have been done right."

"It is right now. Mother did it," answered Say.

THE KIND FAIRY.

Eva is a cripple. She cannot run about and play with other children, or chase the gay butterflies that flutter among the clover blossoms out in the field.

But she enjoys hearing her brother read very much. He has just read a fairy story from the book in her lap.

It was about a little girl who was lost in a great forest. She wandered about all day, but could not find a path that led out. Now and then she would see bright-eyed squirrels up in the trees, and once a timid rabbit leaped past her. At last it began to grow dark, and she was frightened.

Just then she saw in an open space two small, milk-white ponies, with saddles and bridles of blue velvet and silver. A fairy lady sat on one. Her face was so gentle that when she beckoned, the little girl was not afraid, but went to her and was lifted upon the other pony. They rode swiftly away, never halting for steep hills or rough paths. All at once the forest was left behind, and the lost girl was at home. Then with a sweet smile the fairy vanished.

ELLA'S PRESENT.

"O, grandpa! is this dolly for me?" asked Ella, as she came running into the room with her hair flying about her face.

"Yes, pet, this is for you."

"O, thank you. You are the best grandpa I ever had."

"I should think you had had a dozen," he said, laughing heartily. "But how about her clothes, Ella? Can you make any for her? She don't wish to wear this gay dress all the time."

"Didn't you bring some in that big box, grandpa?"

"O, you little witch! Look and see!"

"O! O!" cried Ella in delight. "Where did you find such pretty dresses?"

"I didn't find them; I bought them."

"Did you give lots of cents for them?"

"Yes, ever so many. More than a hundred."

"O, I haven't half so many in my bank! Ain't you rich, grandpa?"

"Rich enough to buy these, my pet," grandpa answered, as he kissed her and bade her good by.

PEIRCE.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

Abbie and Addie are twins. They are usually very affectionate, and dislike to be separated. But to-day Addie, who likes to read a little better than her sister, wished to stay in the house, while Abbie preferred to gather flowers in the woods. Neither liked to give up, so Addie went out on the piazza with her book, and Abbie took her walk alone.

Both were sorry in a few moments, but did not like to say so. Addie's book was not half as interesting as usual, and Abbie thought the flowers, somehow, were not as pretty as those they generally found.

Addie often looked up to see if her sister was in sight; but when she saw her running towards the house with her arms full of flowers, she looked on her book again. Yet she was ready to receive the kiss which Abbie gave with the flowers, and returned it heartily.

Their mother was glad to see them happy once more.

PEIRCE

READING ALOUD.

What a pleasant place to read in! every one will exclaim. Yes, Mr. Hayford and his family think so. The girls, Ida, Nellie, and Grace, take particular pains always to make the summer-house attractive. They take turns in gathering and arranging the flowers. It is Ida's turn this week, and she has placed them in a basket. How pretty they look upon the rustic table!

Every pleasant evening they come out here after tea. Sometimes they sit and watch the steamers, vessels, and small boats as they glide in and out of the harbor. Yet oftener they are engaged as you see them now. One is reading aloud for the entertainment of the others.

Nellie is reading to-night. They are always glad when it is her turn to read, for she is an excellent reader. It is a pleasure to listen to her.

"As good as music, any time," her father says. And, what is still better, she is always ready to oblige her parents and sisters, and read whatever they select. She is reading poetry now.

Kenrick

THE CHICKEN'S FUNERAL.

"Now chicky 's dead, let's bury it, so the old cat can't get it," said Warren.

"Poor little chicky! we ought to put it in a box. Seems too bad to put the little, soft, white thing in the dirt, don't it?" Ginnie replied.

"O, I know where there is a box, Ginnie!" and Warren ran to the shed. When he returned, his little sister Milly asked very soberly, "That'll be a coffin, won't it?"

"Yes. We are going to fix it real good," was the equally sober answer.

"Don't they say something 'fore they put folks in the ground?" was Milly's next question.

"Yes, of course;" and Ginnie laid the chicken in the box very tenderly.

Warren dug the hole, and she was going to put the box in, when Milly said, "I'll say something. He's the cunningest and best chicky that ever lived, and I hope he's gone to heaven. Can't we sing 'I want to be an angel'?"

After singing, Warren said, "Chickens don't go to heaven, Milly."

"I wish they did," was her only reply.

JO'S DISCOVERY.

Jo Roberts and her cousin Fan Vinton were spending a week or two with their grandmother. She lived in the country, and the large, old-fashioned farmhouse was an endless delight to them. Yet of all the rooms none pleased Jo so well as the attic. One day, while she was there on an exploring expedition, she came across an old chest, which, as she told Fan, must contain something worth hunting for.

Nothing rewarded her search until she came to the very bottom.

"O, Fan, what do you suppose there is in this old thing!" she exclaimed, as she sank upon the floor, holding a coarse blue stocking in her hand. "Do you suppose it is money? It rattles!" she added, as she rapidly untied the string, while Fan stood by, her eyes open wide, and her hands raised in surprise and wonder.

Jo held it up by the toe, and out rolled some old brass buttons. Both laughed heartily, and Jo said she wished a fairy would turn them into gold pieces.

TOWSER'S MISCHIEF.

Lizzie looks as though she felt very badly about something. She came with her doll, and sat down under the tree near the brook, thinking it a nice place to play. Towser came with her. She thought he would be company for her, but now she wishes he hadn't come. She is almost ready to cry, she feels so badly. Do you know what troubles her? Look and see what Towser has in his mouth.

It is Lizzie's doll. He is running over the bridge with it, and she is afraid he will drop it into the water, or else jump in himself with it. He only does it in play. He doesn't know that Lizzie cares more for the doll than she would for a stick. She often throws a stick and tells Towser to bring it to her.

He wanted Lizzie to play with him, and when she put the doll down a moment, he seized it and ran away. He thinks Lizzie will chase him, and they shall have a gay frolic, as they often do; but if she sits still, he will soon bring it back to her.

Now, did you ever see a pleasanter-looking old lady? Aunt Amy not only looks, but is the best, kindest, and pleasantest old lady in the world. She is aunty to all the little boys and girls who live near.

Don't her vegetables look nice? She keeps them to sell, but she gives away a good many. Some one asked her one day if she wasn't afraid of becoming poor, and being obliged to go to the poorhouse.

"Why, bless you, now! The more I give the more I have, I do believe. I lend to the Lord, and he returns good measure for all we give to the poor."

The more ragged and forlorn the child, the more aunt Amy gives them. She has dried many a tear with her rosy-cheeked apples, and soothed many childish troubles with a handful of candy.

Even the cats and dogs look upon her as their special friend. Old Nig is ready now for her share of the dinner. What do you suppose aunt Amy has in that big pail? If it is ever so nice, Nig will have some.

LBURN SC

FEEDING THE HORSE.

Annie saw the horse standing out under the tree, and she asked her father if she might feed him. He gave her an ear of corn, and told her to hold it and let Don bite off a piece. She took the corn and ran up to the horse, but the moment he opened his mouth and showed his teeth a little, she was afraid and started back. Don thought the corn looked good, so he stepped towards Annie to get it; then she turned and ran to her father.

He laughed, and told her that old Don wouldn't hurt her one bit; yet she didn't like to go alone, so her father went with her. Even then she hadn't quite courage enough to hold the corn in her hand, until her father took her in his arms. Then she felt safe.

You can see her in her father's arms now, feeding Don. He has the harness on, so I think he has been at work. He will like to eat the good, sweet corn for his dinner. One ear will not be enough. There are more in the basket on the ground.

LITTLE HANDS.

Many acts of kindness
  Little hands can do;
Many deeds of mercy,
  With hearts warm and true.

They can smooth so gently
  Mamma's tired brow;
They can bring the slippers
  For dear papa now.

They can help big brother
  Find the missing ball;
They can help kind sister,
  Working for them all.

Should these hands, so useful,
  E'er in anger rise?
Should they heed the mischief
  In little playmate's eyes?

No, dear little girlies,
  Gentle, loving ways
Only make you happy
  Through the livelong days.

THE TORN DRESS.

"O, dear, what shall I do!" cried Helen. "I can't go to school! I wish I had let the old bossy alone!" and she looked, as well as she could through her tears, at the long rent in her dress.

"Mother told us not to stop," said her sister Mary.

"We didn't stop but a minute," sobbed Helen.

"O, yes, we've stopped as much as ten minutes. But I'll pin it up, then we'll run home. Perhaps mother can mend it before school-time," was the kind answer, as Mary knelt upon the grass to see what she could do.

She looks as though it was rather a difficult thing to pin it — doesn't she? Mary pinned it as well as she could, however, then they hurried home.

Their mother sewed it quickly, and then told them not to stop, even one minute, on the way. They reached the schoolhouse just as the teacher rang the bell. The long darn in Helen's dress made her more careful about stopping on the way to school.

HARRIE AND HATTIE.

What cunning little babies! You can hardly tell them apart. Look and see if there is any difference. Now what is it?

Ah! one little girl says, "The one nearest the gentleman has its hair parted in the middle, so that is Hattie; and the other has its hair parted on one side, so that is Harrie."

You are right. They are Mrs. Wilson's twin babies. She loves them very dearly, and they have all the care and attention they need. They have been brought to the door to welcome uncle Henry. He loves them too; and their sister Ruby thinks there never were such wonderful babies in the world before. She wishes to take little Hattie now. Their father stands near, also, ready to clasp in his strong arms his baby boy and girl.

There are many babies, however, which have not so much care. They are left by their hard hearted mothers, to fret and cry nearly all day. They are often dirty and ragged. If God has given you kind parents, be very thankful.

THE EXPLOSION.

Kitty King sometimes went to the mine with her father. This was always a great treat to her, for she was never so happy as when by his side. One day, while she was there, a boy gave her a few flowers, and she was so delighted with them that she wished her father to go directly and show her where she could find some.

He was going down into the mine a few minutes, then he would go with her, he said. She placed the flowers in her sun-bonnet, and was silently admiring their beauty, when she was startled by having her father, with a pale face, spring to her side, lift her in his arms, and rush from the spot.

She asked him what he was running away from the mine for; but he gave no answer. Soon she heard a rumbling sound, which, young as she was, she knew too well. Then a confused mass of earth, trees, rocks, and stones was thrown violently up into the air. The mine had exploded. Her father fearing this, had run to save the life of his child.

"Kate, please come and walk with me," said Lottie, as she held up her sister's hat.

Kate did not look or feel very pleasant, as her sister said this, so she answered hastily, "Don't bother me to-day. My head aches."

"It will feel better if you go out — won't it? Mother always says so."

"It's too hot!"

"O! it's real cool out under the trees," urged Lottie.

"I can't go till Carrie comes. There is no fun walking with little girls;" and Kate turned away, taking no more notice of her little sister.

Lottie's bright face grew very sober, and one or two tears stood in her black eyes. She laid Kate's hat upon the hall table, and walked slowly out into the garden.

"I wish I was a great, big girl," thought Lottie, "then Kate would walk with me. O dear, I wish I could grow real fast!"

The pleasant afternoon was spoiled for Lottie by her sister's thoughtless words.

CAROLINA AND ISSA. p. 5.

LITTLE MAY'S PICTURE.

"Iza, put me on paper," said little May to her sister Eliza, as she sat drawing, one afternoon.

Eliza loved May dearly, yet she did not wish to stop her work just then, so she told her to run away and play with her dolls.

May walked away very slowly, and sat down in her little chair. But she could not play with her dolls, for she was thinking about Eliza's pictures, which she admired so much.

Presently she was peeping over her sister's shoulder, and with tears in her eyes she again said, "Please, Iza, make little May on paper."

Eliza could not resist this plea, so she took another sheet of drawing paper, and told May to get up into the high chair, and she would put her upon paper as well as she could. See how happy she looks now!

Eliza feels happy, too, because she is doing right. Her drawing can be done another time just as well; perhaps it can be done better, for the happier we feel the better we can work.

PATIENT LINA.

Lina Fairbanks has been a cripple for several years. At first it seemed very hard to be shut up in the house, except when some one was ready to go out and wheel her chair. But brother Frank declares it is nothing but play to go out with her, and every pleasant morning his cheery voice is heard, asking, —

"Which will you have this morning, the black or white pony? Both are at the disposal of your ladyship."

"I'll take the span," is her usual answer. Then Frank and Alice take their places at the back of the chair, and away they go up and down the nice gravel walks. Lina often grows quite merry with two such cheerful companions, and comes in feeling refreshed, and thankful that she has such a kind brother and sister.

In the evening they enjoy singing together very much. If Lina was not so patient, Frank would hardly wish to stay at home in the evening. Now he thinks playing games and singing with his sisters better than being out in the street.

"Good morning, mamma! Do you feel better to-day?" asked little Blossom.

"Yes, dear, I think I do."

"What shall I do for you now?"

"I can't think of anything just now. Nora has been in, and fixed up the room."

"Have you had breakfast?" was Blossom's question, after a moment's thought.

"I could not eat anything this morning."

"Not a single mouthful — not the least tiny bit, mamma?"

"No, darling."

"Please, mamma, let me bring in something nice," pleaded the tender-hearted child.

"Well, you may help Nora make a little toast;" and mamma smiled faintly as the delighted little girl ran from the room.

"O, this is real nice, mamma!" exclaimed Blossom, as she returned, bringing very carefully a small waiter, on which was a dainty bit of toast.

"It tastes very good. I guess my little daughter will make an excellent nurse."

There was no answer, but Blossom's eyes showed that mamma's praise was sufficient reward.

"Not in bed yet, Blossom?" said papa, as he opened the door.

"I wanted to find about Heaven, papa. Mamma says she's going there, and 'tis a beautiful place. She said the Bible told all about it."

Papa's face grew sad as he took little Blossom in his arms, and said tenderly, —

"Let papa find it."

"O, it's way over in the last part. Mamma said she'd find it to-morrow, but I wanted to read it now."

"Shall I read it for you?"

"O, yes; that will be nicer. I can't tell the big words."

Then in a low voice he read the beautiful description of Heaven.

"What a pretty home mamma'll have! Jesus is good to get it all ready, isn't he? But I wish she'd wait till you and I could go, too, papa," Blossom said, with quivering lips.

"So do I," replied papa, as he clasped his child more closely.

"We'll go some time, won't we?" said Blossom, hopefully.

AZZIE'S RETURN.

The teacher sat at the desk feeling very sad. She feared one of her little girls had deceived her. A paper, which she sometimes allowed the children to take, was missing when school closed.

The girls thought Azzie had it last; so the teacher questioned her after the others left, and she felt quite sure that Azzie knew where it was; yet she kept saying, —

"I haven't got it."

At last the teacher told Azzie she might go home. While she sat thinking about her, and wishing that she might become an honest, truthful child, she heard a step in the entry; then the door slowly opened, and Azzie came in with the paper in her hand.

"Please, teacher, here's the paper. I hid it."

"Come and tell me all about it, Azzie."

"I never had no picture papers; so I wanted this."

"My poor child, I'll give you one every week."

"I never took one before," said Azzie, tearfully.

"I hope you never will again. It's very wrong," answered the teacher, as she kissed her.

JESSIE'S ERRAND.

"Jessie, can you do an errand for me this morning?" asked aunt Mary.

"Yes, aunty," was the cheerful answer.

"Please take this note to the jeweller's. He will understand what I wish."

"Then I need not say anything?"

"Simply say that Miss Stearns sent it."

"I'll be back in a few minutes;" and Jessie ran merrily down the stairs and through the hall.

She had but a short distance to go, and soon her light step was heard on the stairs again.

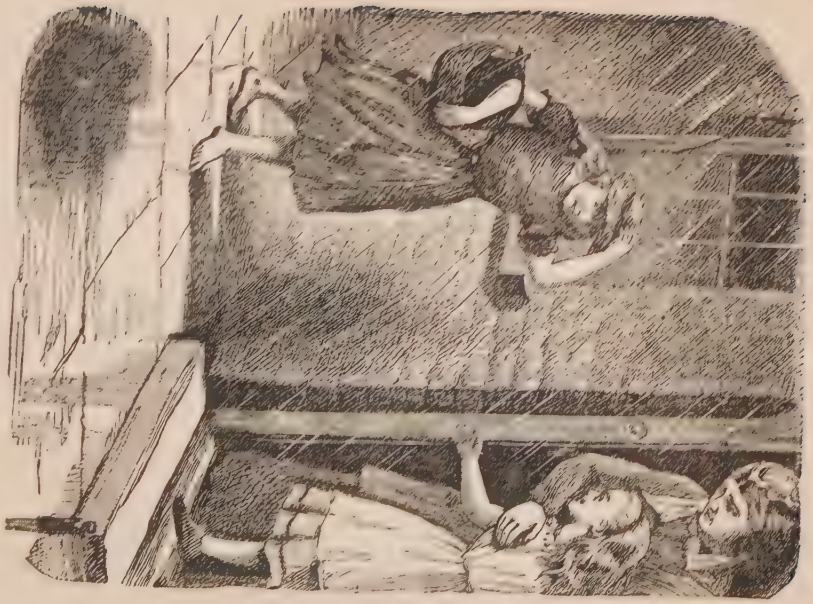
"Aunty, Mr. Harlow gave me this little box! What can there be in it?" said Jessie, as she entered the room.

"Let us see," aunt Mary quietly replied. Soon she held up a gold ring, with Jessie's name and age upon the inside.

"Is this for me?" asked Jessie, with sparkling eyes.

"Yes; it is your birthday present."

"Thank you! thank you! I have always wanted one like this. I shall never forget the day I was ten years old, or my dear, good aunty."



POOR MOLLY.

"O, mother! mother! look and see poor Molly out in the storm! Her feet are bare, and it's so cold! Mayn't I go and ask her to come in?" cried Fannie Browne to her mother, as they sat at the window.

"Certainly, my dear. Run quickly, before she passes the door."

Her mother had scarcely finished speaking before Fannie was trying to open the door.

"O, mother, come quick! I can't open it; Molly'll get past!"

Her mother was by her side in a moment, and the door opened just as Molly came near.

"Come in, Molly," said Fannie, pleasantly.

Molly looked up gratefully as she said, "Thank you. I'm most wet through. I'll run in a minute."

After she entered the room she said, "My feet are wet and muddy."

"Never mind, Molly. Stand on this rug near the fire, and Fannie will get some cake for you," answered Mrs. Browne, kindly.

RESCUED FROM THE WATERS.

How it did rain! For almost a week the black clouds hung over the village and poured out their torrents. Gracie thought it must be another flood.

The mill-owners had built a dam across the river, and now the pond above rose higher and higher, and even spread out over the meadows. But still the rain fell and the pond rose.

At last the dam could bear the pressure no longer, and with a mighty crash it gave way, and the awful flood swept down the valley, bearing away trees and fences, cattle and people, and even small houses.

Gracie and her mother were overtaken by the rushing waters before they could reach a place of safety, and were swept away.

But some people on the shore saw them. One young man seized a rope in his hand, and sprang into the water after them. In the picture, they are being drawn ashore.

"Now, Mabel, don't try to reach those apples. Jump down, and I'll get them for you," said Granville to his sister.

"No; I'm going to get them myself," answered Mabel, as she stepped upon the topmost rail and grasped a limb of the tree.

"You'll surely fall, Mabel!" exclaimed her brother, who still stood near.

"Well, I'll get that great red apple, if I do," was her hasty answer.

She gave a slight spring, and her fingers almost touched the apple she wished, but just then the rail broke, and she would have fallen to the ground, if Granville hadn't hastened to the rescue. She kept hold of the branch until he reached her, or she might have been badly injured.

After he had helped her to the ground, he got the apple and placed it in her hand, saying, —

"The next time you wish to gather apples, ask me to help you, Mabel. I can climb fences easier than you can."

J.W. ORR. N.Y.

ESTER'S NAP.

"Ester! Ester! jump up quickly. Breakfast is almost ready."

"O, dear," said Ester, as she heard her mother call, "I do wish I could lay in the morning as long as I wanted to;" and she scowled her eyebrows, and pouted her lips, until her face looked very bad.

She turned this way and that, but did not get up, and in a few minutes she was asleep again.

"Ester, I called you some time ago; why didn't you hurry up then?" Now her mother's hand was upon her shoulder, and she sat up in bed.

"I was so sleepy I couldn't keep my eyes open."

"A little cold water will make them feel better. Come, I'll help you now, for father is waiting."

"Are you sick this morning, Ester?" asked her father cheerfully, as she took her seat at the table.

"No," was the rather cross answer.

"Ester!" exclaimed her father, in surprise.

"No, father, I'm well."

"Not very well, I fear," he said, soberly.

ESTER'S FRIGHT.

Here is Ester again; but what troubles her now? She looks frightened. See her mother and sisters running from the house. They heard her scream, —

"Mother! mother! O, do come here!" They thought something dreadful had happened, so they left their work and ran out into the garden where Ester was.

"What is the matter?" asked her mother, in surprise. She could see nothing to alarm even a child.

"O, that caterpillar!" cried Ester, pointing to the little harmless worm crawling upon the ground.

"And you've made all this fuss about a caterpillar, you silly child! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" exclaimed one of her sisters.

"He was crawling at me," said Ester, half crying.

"Well, he couldn't hurt you, if he did. You could easily get out of his way. Never be so foolish again," her mother answered, as she returned to the house.

VIOLET.

How comfortable Violet looks lying upon the lounge dressed in her white muslin! She has nothing to do but lie there and read all day, if she wishes. She has lovely, fragrant flowers all about her. Everything is as attractive and beautiful as her parents can make it.

Do you envy her and wish you had a room just like hers, and could lie on a soft lounge all day? Let me tell you more about Violet before you wish so.

She is lame; she cannot run about, cannot even walk slowly without crutches. And even with these, she can go but a short distance on the ground.

Now, would any of the healthy little girls who read this be willing to lose the use of their limbs for the sake of wearing costly dresses and lying upon a lounge day after day?

I am very sure you would not, if you should try it even for one short week.

"If there isn't Hazel on White Prince! And she's got my old Chinese hat on, too. What on earth is that child up to now?"

Phil Lambert said this as he turned suddenly and saw who was following himself and his cousin Louise.

"She has a stick in her hand. You don't suppose she'd use that on White Prince?" Louise asked, as she watched the queer-looking rider.

Suppose? I could suppose anything where Hazel is concerned," was the laughing answer. Then stepping directly in front of the horse, he lifted his hat, saying, gayly, —

"'Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!'"

"That's so, exactly, Phil. I've triumphed over great obstacles getting so far."

"Was that hat one?" asked Louise.

"No, of course not. That hat overcomes her," replied Phil before Hazel could speak.

"I hunted from cellar to garret for it, any way," said Hazel, with laughing eyes.

"Haven't the least doubt of that. You always had a fancy for my old hats."

LORA'S KITTY.

See this little white kitty! Isn't she cunning? And isn't she mischievous too? Lora thinks her Downy just the prettiest kitty in the world. And Downy seems to understand that the more trouble she makes, the more hugs and kisses Lora gives her.

She likes to curl up in Lora's lap and go to sleep; but if there is a book there, she will sometimes run up to her shoulder and lie down, with the soft curls falling over her.

Downy is into all sorts of mischief. But she takes particular delight in overturning Lora's work-basket. See her now! Lora is busy reading, and does not notice.

Her basket was there, with the contents arranged very nicely, and Downy seemed to think it was her special work to overturn everything.

First one little paw went into the basket, then another. Each time out came a spool of cotton or silk, or a ball of worsted. But kitty wanted to do more, so she contrived to tip the basket over, and out rolled everything.

DAPH IRONING.

Daph has plenty of little helpers, hasn't she? Wallié is upon the table, with his curly head bent over as though he were anxious to learn to iron. And little Crissy is standing close by him with her hands on the table, while Ellen is just beyond Daph, watching also. She looks quite sober, too.

Do you know why these children stay in this little kitchen with Daph? Their parents are dead, and dear, kind old Daph has been very, very good to them. They all love her dearly, for she works very hard for them.

The little ones do not understand, but Ellen knows that Daph earns money washing and ironing for people, then she spends it all for the children.

They would not know where to get food to eat, or clothes to wear, if it was not for dear, good Daph.

She used to live with their father and mother, and when they lost all their money and then died, she said she should take care of the children as long as she lived.

ANNE AND WILL.

Anne Morton was going away with her aunt Lizzie. She thought she should have a good time playing with her little cousins, but she was sorry to leave brother Will.

She had no sisters, and he was her only brother. He was much older, yet she preferred him for a companion rather than any of the little girls who lived near.

He was sometimes away to school, but he was at home now; for this reason she felt more sorry to leave home just at this time.

"I shall have to walk all alone, now, Anne," said Will, as she stood ready to go.

"I'll stay at home," replied Anne, looking up anxiously.

"O, no; I am big enough to take my walks alone, I think. I shall miss you, pet, but I can get along nicely. Now you must be off. Good by;" and he kissed the sweet lips lifted to his.

"Good by, Will," were the last words he heard as the door closed.

WATCHING THE DOVES.

"Amy! Amy! I'm going to give the doves something to eat. Come and see them!"

Neddie ran for the crumbs, and soon both were out near the shed watching the doves.

There were but three on the ground, yet Neddie had crumbs enough for a dozen. He was throwing large handfuls about, when Amy said,—

"You mustn't waste it, Neddie. If you do you'll come to — to something. What is't mamma says?"

"Come to want, isn't it?" asked the wise little Neddie.

"That's it, zactly. There's 'nough now to last Vic two, free days. Dovies can't eat but little mite."

She had heard mamma say something like this to Neddie many times, and she liked to repeat it as well as she could.

"Vic can't eat a single bit, Amy."

"Course she eats, else how'd she live?"

"Dolls don't live! They are only made up."

"O! it's naughty to tell such stories;" and Amy walked away much offended.

CARELESS ROSE.

Rose has been playing near the pond for a long time. Now she is trying to cross over to the other side. Her mother has always told her to be careful when near the water, but she never said she must not cross on the rails, for she did not suppose Rose would think of such a thing.

But Rose had seen the boys do it, so she thought she could. She stepped carefully upon the first rail. That seemed strong and good, so she moved slowly along, holding on to the top rail with her hands. When partly over, she stopped a moment to rest, and watch the man who was fishing not far away.

It was such slow work, she almost wished she hadn't tried to cross. But she was nearly half over, so she kept on till a rail twisted and bent beneath her weight. Then she cried out in alarm.

The man heard her, and ran for his boat. When he lifted her into it, he said, —

"It was very careless to cross on those old rails."

"HUSH! BABY'S ASLEEP."

Charlie and Mamie were very busy and happy looking over a picture book which their father had brought home for them. It was quite amusing to hear their exclamations of delight.

"See that little girl's doll!" Mamie would say, just as Charlie was trying to bark at some big dog in the picture.

Or, perhaps, Charlie would spy a horse, and then shout, "Whoa! horsie," while Mamie's cry of "O, you cunning little kitty!" was as joyful, if a trifle lower.

Their merry cries and shouts at last grew so loud, that mamma said, —

"Hush! baby's asleep."

Then she walked softly to the cradle and lifted the covering, to see if baby was still sleeping quietly.

He lay breathing so softly that the noise could not have disturbed him much.

"Be a little stiller, children, now, for I want baby to have a good long nap," said mamma, as she sat down again.

SUNSHINE.

"Where is Sunshine? I haven't seen her since I came in," said papa, one afternoon.

"She's been playing out in the garden since dinner," answered mamma.

Papa went to the door and called, but there was no answer, so he stepped out into the garden. Soon he came in, saying, anxiously, —

"She isn't in the garden. Could she have crept through the hedge?"

"I hope not. She'd surely get lost in the field beyond."

"Shag is at the door, so I'll take him and ride over the field. I can go quicker so;" and he hurried away, while mamma hastened to the garden and looked behind every bush, thinking her darling might have dropped asleep there.

But papa was the one to find her. He had reached a tiny brook which trickled along at the foot of some tall trees, when he saw little Sunshine — her golden hair rippling over her shoulders — just reaching up for some lovely wild flowers.

NAUGHTY EMMA.

Emma has been doing something wrong. She cannot look up into grandpa's face. When Emma came to make a long visit, he told her she must not touch any of the things in the library unless he or grandma was there.

He had many books and choice things in that room, and he thought Emma old enough to remember if he told her what he wished. But she was a restless little girl, always running from room to room, looking at everything that pleased her, and asking many questions.

One day she was in the library alone, and she wished very much to take a large book which lay upon the table. She hoped to find pictures in it. She knew she ought not to take it, for she walked on tiptoe to the table, then tried to get the book into her lap, as she sat down in a high chair behind the door. But it slipped from her hands and fell with a loud noise to the floor.

Grandpa was very sorry when he found Emma had disobeyed him.

"O, grandpa, I'm so glad you've got home!" said Myrtie, as he came and seated himself in the large rustic chair under the old oaks.

"Has my little Myrtie missed grandpa, then?"

"It's been real lonesome. Grandma could not come out, so Bruce and I had to stay here all alone. But I've studied my lesson here every pleasant day, as you wished."

"And Bruce helped you, I suppose," said grandpa, smiling.

"O, he was almost as still as I was. If he heard a bit of noise or saw any one coming, he'd lift up his head, and sometimes he'd growl. He thought he must take care of me, I guess, grandpa."

"Yes, he's a good watch-dog. He would keep you safe, I'm sure."

"Would you, Bruce?" asked Myrtie, as she stroked the head of the noble dog.

A short, yet decided bark was his only audible answer, but his eyes spoke loudly in favor of his devotion to his little mistress, and his tail wagged joyfully.

"You may depend upon me," he means to say, remarked grandpa, stroking the dog also.

SEWING.

What a pleasant seat Angie has! She can look out and see the flowers in the garden beneath the window, or hear the birds sing on the tree near by.

Then she has a vase of flowers near her, although she seems to prefer those she can see in the garden. This would be a nice place to sit and play with her doll, but I am not sure it is the best place in which to sew.

Her mother wished her to hem a pocket handkerchief, so she sat down here. Her mind is not upon her work, however. And I fear she will not finish it unless she takes a different seat. She will enjoy watching the birds and flowers much more after her work is done, so it would be better to do it quickly.

Her mother would be pleased, also, for she wishes her to learn to do her work well and at the right time.

Girls, always try to do what will please mother, whether it is hemming a handkerchief, sweeping a room, washing dishes, gathering and arranging flowers, or running errands.

"Ain't they beauties?" asked Ruthie, as she leaned over the board and gave her rabbits some bread.

"I don't think they are pretty, at all," was Annie's careless reply. She did not care for pets. She thought more of nice clothes.

"How can you say so, Annie! I love them dearly."

"Love those old things! I guess I shouldn't."

"O, you couldn't help it, they are so cunning!"

"How can you like to touch the dirty things, Ruthie?"

"Why, they are just as clean and nice as can be. See how soft and white they are!" and Ruthie stroked them gently.

"I'd rather have a new dress than twenty rabbits."

"I've got dresses enough, and these little rabbits love me so!" answered Ruthie, as she looked at them fondly.

"O, well, let's go away now. I don't care to see them any longer."

"Please, papa, may I go now?"

"Go where, Dolly?"

"To see that poor boy in the great, big cage."

"Aren't you afraid to go near such a naughty boy."

"Is he naughty, papa?" and little Dolly's eyes opened wide with surprise.

"They don't shut up good boys."

"He's good to Dolly."

"Every one is good to you. Hadn't you better stay here while I finish this fence?"

Dolly thought a moment, then said, wistfully, "If Dolly was shutted up like him, she'd want somebody to come."

"Well, pet, run and see him a few minutes," answered her papa, gently.

"Boy, Dolly's come!" she said, shyly, as she caught sight of him through the iron grating.

"O, good morning, Dolly. Won't you shake hands?"

"Have you been naughty?" she asked.

"Yes," was the sad answer.

"You won't be any more, will you?"

"I'll try to be good, Dolly."

"I like good boys. Now I'll shake hands."

"Agnes, would you like to take a walk?"

"O, yes, papa!" and her hand was quickly placed in his.

"What, without hat or sack?"

"Here's my hat;" and the little round turban quickly rested upon the pure, white brow.

"Now where's your thick sack? I'm going to the top of Prospect Hill, and it may be cool."

"Here 'tis. Now I'm all ready," said Agnes, her blue eyes sparkling with delight.

She danced gayly along as they walked through the fields, but she seldom left his side. When they began to climb the hill she was glad to cling to his strong hand for help.

After enjoying the fine view from the hill a while, papa turned homeward.

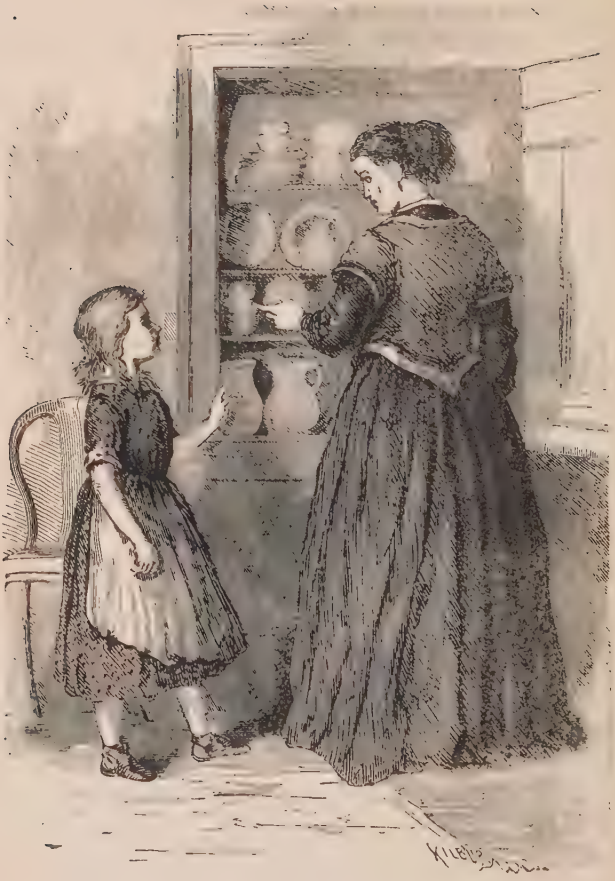
"Aren't you tired, Agnes?" he asked.

"Not much, papa."

"I'll carry you over the rough places, as the shepherds do the little lambs."

"Then I shall be your lamb, shan't I, papa?" and Agnes laughed softly as she twined her arms about his neck.

"Yes; my little pet lamb."



WASHING DISHES.

"What can I do this vacation, mother?" asked Hetty.

"Would you like to help me?"

"Yes, mother. Let me do some real work every day."

"Shan't you get tired? If you commence, I shall wish you to keep on. I don't like to have you give up anything after once undertaking it."

"O, no, mother! I'll do it every day."

"You may wash dishes if you like."

Hetty would have preferred something else, but she only asked, —

"Shall I wash them three times a day?"

"No; I think that would be too much for such a little girl. I will help you a little in the morning, then you may help me at noon, and at night you may wash them alone."

"That will be a nice way, won't it, mother? Can't I begin this morning?"

"Yes; but first put on one of my large aprons. Then come to the closet, and I will show you how to place the dishes."

You can see Hetty and her mother at the closet now.

"Cousin Ralph, wouldn't you like to see my rabbits?" asked little Janie, as she leaned both elbows on his knee.

"Why, how many pets do you have, Janie?"

She looked thoughtful a moment, then slowly answered, "I've got my old cat Betty, and two of the cunningest little black and white kitties — don't you want to see them now?"

"I guess we'll wait till after we've seen the rabbits. Did you mention all your pets, then?" asked Ralph, much amused.

"O, no. My kitties are Spot and Puff. Then I've got Dicky — that's my bird in the cage; and — O, the prettiest white doves. We'll see them when we go out."

"Anything more?" was the laughing question.

"Yes. I've a lamb papa gave me when I was a little mite of a girl. And my dog Silky. That's all I — O! I forgot my little banty chickens. They look like little birds, cousin Ralph."

"Do you take care of them all?"

"No, Jet helps. There he is now, with clover for the rabbits. Come!" and Janie hastened him towards the pen which Jet had entered.

"Does your face feel better, Mattie?" asked Floy, after she had carefully washed the poor child's face with a soft cloth.

"Yes'm."

"Now I'll wipe it with this towel. Then would you let me comb your hair?"

"I'd like it, Miss Floy. I never had no comb."

"Mamma said I might give you the comb and towel, and all these things. Then you can wash your face and comb your hair every day. Won't it be nice? I'm glad I saw you, and asked you in here; but I'm real sorry the horse knocked you down."

"He didn't hurt much. I'm 'most glad, for now I can be clean, and look like other girls when I go to school."

"Yes. And I'm glad mamma said I might give you this pink dress, too. I guess 'twill look real pretty."

"I never had one half so pretty before."

Kind-hearted Floy now hurried to get the dress on, that they might see how nice it looked.

Chase

EFFIE'S FRIENDS.

Effie lives in the city, but she is spending her vacation at grandpa's. He lives in the country on a large farm.

At first Effie was afraid of the many animals she met everywhere. But when she found that the horses and cows had something to do besides frightening a little girl, she ventured out more.

Soon she made friends with all the animals. But none attracted her more than two little bossies.

They would come to the fence and eat grass out of her hand. This pleased her so much, that she often searched for the sweet clover blossoms to feed them with.

After a while she even went into the field to visit these friends of hers. You can see her now, kneeling down to feed the one which is lying upon the grass. That one looks very lazy.

The other one stands all ready for her share of the grass. She looks quite hungry, doesn't she?

Effie's doll is sadly neglected.

KILBURN

LEAVING FOR SCHOOL.

"Come, girls, we must go on board now," said Mr. Hunter, as he turned towards the steamer.

They were soon on deck, and the girls waved their handkerchiefs as they left the wharf. Not till the last glimpse of home had faded from their sight, did Reba and Iola Hunter turn away. Then their father saw two very sober faces.

Although these girls were sisters, still they were much unlike in looks and actions. Reba was dark, with jet black hair and eyes, while Iola was light, with soft, wavy brown hair and blue eyes. These filled with tears as she clung to her father's hand and nestled by his side, saying, —

"I'm so sorry to leave home, papa!"

"Mamma and I shall miss you and Reba very much, but we hope you will gain a great deal at this school."

Reba's bright eyes sparkled with deep feeling, yet her trembling lips were closed firmly. Her father understood, however, when she came and laid her hand silently on his shoulder.

PEIRCE

Flora's face does not look very pleasant, and Ellie is crying. Something has troubled them, I think. Let us hear what Flora is saying to her little sister.

"The next time be more careful, then, if you don't want me to shake you."

"I tried to go real careful, Flora, but I hit something with my foot," said the sobbing child.

"I don't see any need of hitting the table."

"I didn't hit it hard. The bowl just touched the table, and that great piece fell out. I'm so sorry!"

"That's what you always say. But it don't seem to make you any more careful;" and Flora turned away and went on with her sweeping.

Ellie still sat on the floor crying softly, when Flora finished. She was not usually so unkind, but she had had much to do that morning, and felt tired and hurried.

"Please, Flora, won't you kiss me? Mamma used to," said Ellie, slowly rising.

"Yes, Ellie, I'll kiss you twice if you'll forget my cross words," replied Flora, gently.

PENNIE FRIGHTENED.

Pennie went to bed earlier than usual one night, but she did not go to sleep. She turned restlessly from one side to the other, and finally she thought she would get up and see if her mother was in her room.

The gas was very low in the hall; so Pennie groped her way to the door, for she wished to open it wide that she might see better. She was going to run across the hall to her mother's room, when she chanced to look towards a large mirror.

How frightened she was! She could barely see a tall, white figure standing motionless. She trembled so that she could hardly stand, never thinking that she was looking at herself in the glass. She just screamed, "Mother!". then dropped to the floor, and covered her face with her hands.

"What do you want, Pennie?" asked her mother, hurrying into the room.

Pennie stood up, and after one hasty glance, exclaimed in a frightened tone, "There it is!"

"Why, my dear child, you are only looking at yourself in the glass. Come and see."

KILBURN Sc.

SUSIE'S BOUQUET.

It was exhibition day, and Susie stood before the glass in her chamber combing her hair.

"If I only had a bouquet, like the other girls, I shouldn't care for necklace or bracelets," she thought. Then, as she put the last touches to her hair and dress, she said, half aloud, "But I do love flowers so! If I only had a few little buds, I'd be glad. But poor, dear mother has worked so hard to get me this pretty white dress, I'll never let her know how much I've thought about the flowers;" and with a cheerful look she ran down to the sitting-room.

"My dress fits nicely, mother dear," she said, as she kissed the pale cheeks, adding, "I hope to pay you, by and by, with something besides kisses for all you have done for me."

"I'm paid in knowing that you are getting a good education, and that you love me. But it is time to be going, dear."

As Susie was entering the school-room, her pastor handed her a beautiful bouquet. She thanked him, just pressed it to her lips, and went in with a glad light in her eyes.

ROBIN-REDBREAST.

A bright little robin
One morning in May,
Was heard to his mate
Thus wisely to say: —

"My dear Mrs. Robin,
When cherries are red,
We shall need them for food;
They're better than bread.

"We'll have the fruit handy;
So let us prepare,
In the cherry tree top,
A nest with great care.

"We shall need it high up,
So kitty can't see.
We want our dear birdies
As safe as can be.

"What a nice pretty home
For birdies and you!
Aren't you glad you've a mate
So wise and so true?"

AFRAID OF THE DARK.

Aggie is a brave little girl. She is not afraid of the dark, as some children are, for her mother has often told her that God can take care of her when it is dark, just as well as in the bright sunlight.

One evening she had been watching for her father to return from the village, and she was very glad when she heard him drive into the yard. She drew his large chair up to the fire, then she went to the door to listen for his step.

Just as she opened it, she heard a noise in the barn, and she thought her father was shutting the door. Yet she could not hear him coming; so she ran out and found the door wide open. It was so dark she could see nothing distinctly, but she heard some one groan. Instead of running away, she called, —

"Father, are you here?"

"Yes. The beam has fallen upon me. Run for Mr. Rice! Don't stop a minute!"

She went to the door and told her mother, then ran swiftly for the nearest neighbor. It was quite late, yet she did not feel afraid. She was only anxious to find some one to help her father as quickly as possible.

KILBURN

"Thank you, Rosy, but I don't know as I ought to keep this pretty flower without asking mother."

"O, yes; you are to keep it any way, for mother said so. She'd do anything for you, she says, because your mother was so good to our Tim."

"Mother's good to everybody," Etta answered, as her eyes rested upon the fragrant geranium with delight. Still she seemed unwilling to keep it, for she said, —

"It's the only flower your mother has, isn't it?"

"That don't make any difference. Mother told me to say that she couldn't take care of it any longer."

Etta guessed that this was said on purpose to make her willing to keep it; but she only replied, "Please tell your mother that I thank her very much. How nice it will be to look at it when I lie here all alone!"

"Can I do anything more before I go?"

"Give me an apple, please. You take the other. Mother puts so many things in the basket when she goes out to wash, I can't eat half."

How came these girls in such a dangerous place? The water is all about them, and they cannot reach the shore alone.

They were on the beach gathering shells, and little, reckless Rubie kept jumping from one rock to another. Edith was quite busy with her shells, and before she knew it, Rubie was some distance away, shouting, joyfully, —

"O, Edith, come! There are such pretty shells on the rocks here!"

Edith did go as quickly as possible, for she had just heard some one say that the tide was coming in rapidly.

When she reached Rubie's side, she found, to her alarm, that the water was already over the rocks nearest the shore.

What should she do? They would not drown, if they could keep upon the very highest rock. But could they? Wouldn't the waves wash them off? Edith knew the water would not rise as high as Rubie's head, but could she keep her footing?

They were not left to try it, however, for now there was a shout, and Edith saw a man and a large dog wade into the water after them.

LILY AND KITTY.

Lily is not very well, and she gets tired easily; so her mother wishes her to lie down and rest every day.

She has just been running after her kitten; so, when she at last caught her, she took her to bed. Lily dropped to sleep in a few minutes; so did kitty, too. But kitty's nap was soon over.

You see she is awake and playing with Lily's long curls now. Do you think Lily will sleep much longer with such a playful kitten near?

Her mother is looking over her shoulder and wondering if she cannot get the kitten away without waking Lily. She could do it easily if one arm was not over her.

But she will try now, for she is very anxious to have her little, tired Lily rest to-day. She must be careful and not let kitty's paws get tangled in the curly hair, for that will surely wake her.

Mother can do it, I think, if she tries. Nothing is too hard for her to try and do, if it will benefit Lily. I am quite sure the kitten will soon be in her own arms.

DELIA AND CORNEY.

Corney was in trouble. She had failed in her lessons, and the teacher told her to remain after school.

Others had stopped very often, and cared little about it, but Corney felt so badly that tears kept blinding her eyes.

Her sister Delia felt almost as badly as she did. She waited in the entry a while, then went in and spoke to the teacher.

"Please may I wait here for Corney?"

"Yes, only keep quiet." Then he went on with his writing. But Delia was anxious to help her sister; so she spoke again.

"Please may I help Corney, Mr. Torrey?"

Her earnest tone made him look up and ask, "Why do you wish to help her?"

"Because she's had the headache to-day, and couldn't study very well."

"I'm sorry I didn't know it before;" and he went to Corney and said kindly, as he placed his hand gently on her head, "I'll excuse you to-night, Corney. Run home now, and learn it to-morrow when you feel bright and fresh."

A pleasant "good-night" sounded in his ears as the door closed.

"O, cousin Marcia, isn't this a pretty little flower?"

"Yes. And they are all beautiful here. Uncle always keeps his grounds in perfect order."

"Don't you think I've got the prettiest home in the world, Marcia?"

"I hardly see how it could be improved. And I hope you will love uncle and aunt as well as they do you. You made them think of their little girl who died. Cousin Nellie was good as well as pretty."

"I'm so glad if I look like her! I'll try to be good, too. O, cousin Marcia, they told me I might call them father and mother! You don't know how glad I am, for I cannot remember my own father and mother."

Little Edie looked up, with grateful tears in her eyes, to the young girl she had called cousin Marcia. But Marcia was no relation to her.

Edie was a poor, friendless little girl when Marcia's uncle adopted her. Now she has a pleasant home and many friends.

MINA AND THE GARDENER.

"Robert, I want a flower, a real pretty one, fixed nicely in a pot," said Mina.

"You can have a dozen if you wish. There are hundreds in the hot-house."

"O, but I want this one to give away."

"To some friend, I suppose."

"I don't know," Mina answered, hesitatingly.

"Don't know! I thought 'twas one of your schoolmates."

"It is; but I'd rather not say any more, Robert."

"O, well, I didn't mean to be inquisitive; only if t'isn't for one of your friends, you won't care for a very nice one."

"O, yes, Robert, I want one of the very best. Mamma says we should return good for evil; so a poor one wouldn't do."

"It's queer; if anybody injures your mother, she treats them all the better. I couldn't do that!"

"It's the best way, isn't it?"

"Yes; but pretty hard for a fellow like me."

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

"Come, Robbie, we must hurry if we wish to spend the day among the bushes. The sun is up now. Run in and see if mother and Augusta are ready."

Mr. White finished harnessing, and Robbie ran to the house just as his mother and sister came out with their arms full of boxes and bundles.

"Let me help," said Robbie, as he took a box from his mother, and ran to the wagon. His father laughed when he saw them coming, and said, —

"I should think you had enough to feed an army."

"We are a small army going to invade the huckleberry-bushes," answered Augusta.

"In with you then, or the sun will get too hot for us to invade anything," was her father's reply, as he helped her mother into the wagon.

Soon they were riding towards the woods, where they intended to spend the day picking berries. The day was perfect, and they returned at night very tired, but with baskets and boxes all full.

TILLY'S TROUBLE.

Poor Tilly is in trouble, certainly. One plant lying on the floor, and the other half tipped over. But why is she trying to move such a heavy stand with two large pots on it?

Her mother had several very choice plants, which she never allowed any one to tend but herself. She had told Tilly, especially, never to lift or move them.

But one day, when Tilly was alone for an hour or two, she thought how pretty the bright blossoms would look at one of the front windows. She wished her mother hadn't told her not to touch them.

At last she thought she would move the stand and pots all together. She did not know how heavy it was. At first she couldn't stir it; then she exerted all her strength, and the sudden jerk tipped it so as to make one of the pots fall to the floor.

O, how she wished she hadn't touched the stand! When she raised the pot she found that the stalk was broken. She was punished already.

KILBURN

CASSY.

Cassy is a little black girl who lives with Mrs. Emerson, a kind lady here at the North. She came from Louisiana, where a great many negroes live. It is very warm there, and when Cassy first came here she felt so cold that she wished to stay near the fire all the time.

But when the days began to grow warmer, so that she could play out of doors, she thought it was even nicer than her old home.

Mrs. Emerson is very kind, and wishes her not only to learn to work, but to get a good education; so she sends her to school every day.

Cassy is quick to learn; so her lessons do not trouble her much. But she likes play even better than study; for this reason she is quite often in disgrace.

What she enjoys best of all is a ramble in the woods with her kind friend. Yet much time is spent in the garden when fruit is ripe. You can see Mrs. Emerson now, sitting upon a low seat in the trunk of an old tree, while Cassy is catching the apples which she throws to her.

"Sylvia, I cannot let you have your doll again to-day. Don't take it down from the shelf, for you were very unkind to Willie."

"He kept plaguing me."

"You should have let him take the doll a little while; then he would have run away satisfied."

"He's always breaking my things," said Sylvia, still feeling unkindly towards her little brother.

"And papa buys new ones; so you don't lose your dolls and toys. We have told you many times that such things are not too good for your little brother and sister to play with. I should be much better pleased to have you show an unselfish spirit than to show me a doll just as good as new."

"But I like to keep my things nice, mamma."

"I know it. And I am very glad. But don't be so careful of your doll again that you cannot let Willie and Bess take it. You should be careful, however, and not let Nig get it in his mouth."

GOOD LITTLE MITTY.

Mitty's mother is dead, and she has almost the whole care of her little baby brother. This is a great deal of care for a girl only about eleven years old. But Mitty is a cheerful, happy little body, and, as her father is too poor to hire any one all the time, she tries to do the best she can.

Baby loves her dearly, and this makes the work much easier. He is never so happy as when sitting on Mitty's lap listening to the gay songs which she sings.

When her father sees her sitting so, he calls her his bright sunbeam, for she makes home so pleasant. Her father and brother Ben help do the work, for she could not do it all and tend the baby.

Ben can make quite nice bread, and her father cooks the meat. Ben can also sweep and wash dishes as well as any one.

A woman comes once a week to wash and clear up a little, then Mitty and her father and brother do the rest.

JEANIE'S DISTRESS.

"Why, child, what is the matter?" asked aunt Ellen, as she opened the door of Jeanie's room and saw her upon the floor.

"Mother won't let me wear my new dress," pouted Jeanie.

"O, I thought perhaps you'd broken your ankle, or something of that kind," said aunt Ellen, cheerfully.

"I might as well have a broken ankle, for I never can go anywhere."

"O, Jeanie! is that the truth?"

"Well, I can't go with this old thing on."

"Old? My dear child, it is whole, and clean, and very pretty. What more can you wish in a dress to wear among the bushes?"

"I wanted to wear my new pink one," said Jeanie, slowly rising from the floor.

"It is much better to keep it nice and clean, to wear to school next Monday. Your mother knows best, and don't make her unhappy by such conduct. Try and look pleasant, then run and meet your schoolmates, for I hear them coming."

KILBURN

"What a funny looking man!" the girls will exclaim when they see this picture. Yes, his cap and big spectacles make him look funny; but he is a very wise and good man; so you must not laugh at him.

He is one of the teachers in the school which these girls attend; and they are in his class in botany. The girls think it a great treat to take a walk or go on the water with Mr. Hood.

Una and Adella were just ready to push the boat out into deep water, when a cheerful voice asked, —

"Girls, don't you want an oarsman?"

"O, yes, Mr. Hood! Do please come with us."

"Ah! I knew you didn't like to work well enough to row across the pond."

"O, we'll row, if you'll only come and tell us about the flowers which grow along the bank, as you did last week."

"Well, you may row or hold the oars while I am getting the flowers, but I'll use them the rest of the time, or the girls won't invite me out with them," was the merry answer as he stepped into the boat.

LOMIE AND NERO.

Lomie and her mother have been spending the summer with grandpa, for she has lived in the city so much that she is not well and strong. Grandpa hauls her out in this carriage every day, and Nero walks by her side.

She would hardly miss grandpa more than this faithful old dog. And Nero seems to think that the whole care of Lomie comes upon him.

When it is time for her to take her ride he always appears at the door. If she is a little later than usual, he walks into the room and up to her side, then looks wistfully in her face, as though he would ask, —

"Aren't you going to-day?"

Sometimes, just to try him, she takes no notice of his silent question. Then he whines and puts one paw upon her lap. She never tries his patience more than this.

When she says, "I'm going, Nero!" he whirls round and round, barking with delight. Don't you suppose he understands what she says?

MIT AND HER MISTRESS.

Is this a pretty picture, girls? I think you will not like it. But why isn't it pretty? There is a cheerful wood fire burning on the wide hearth, and two great logs are at one end of the fireplace ready to be used when needed. Then there are two apples roasting before the fire.

"O, the room looks so bare, and Mit's chair is all broken, and they both look lonesome. It isn't pretty one bit," you say, perhaps.

This is all true; but I don't think it is the principal trouble with the picture. Look once more. Do you like the faces of Mit and her mistress? The faces in a picture often make it pleasant or unpleasant to look at.

Mit looks very sober, and the woman looks unhappy. Then they sit so far apart I hardly think they try to help each other.

Poor Mit is an orphan. This woman took her from the poorhouse. But she does not love her, or try to make her happy. I hope all the little girls who have pleasant homes will thank their heavenly Father for them.

KILBURN SC

THE NEW DRESS.

"Mother's new dress has come!" cried little Gussy.

"Did the dress-maker bring it?" asked his sister.

"Yes, she just went into the house. Ain't you glad, Katie?"

"I guess I am! Mother hasn't had a new dress for ever so long. She always says she cannot afford it; but if we need anything she doesn't say so. Let us run in and see it."

As they ran to the house, Gussy said, "We've got the best mother in the world, haven't we, Katie?"

"Yes, indeed! I wouldn't change with any of the girls."

When they entered the room, the dress-maker was holding up the dress. It was very plain and simple, yet it was new, and in the eyes of the children it appeared very beautiful.

"Won't you try it on, mother?" asked Katie.

"Yes, if you wish to see it so much;" and soon the dress was on, and greatly admired by Katie and Gussy.

CROSSING THE PASTURE.

"Let's cross this pasture," said Jennie.

"No, papa said we'd better not go through there now," answered Velma.

"Why? It's nearer."

"I don't know why. But papa told Dicky and me so this morning."

"Your father didn't tell me so, and I want to see those rabbits," persisted Jennie, as she opened the gate and stepped in.

"O, please, Jennie, don't go. Papa never says anything like that unless it is best," pleaded Velma, as she followed her playmate and laid her hand on her arm.

"There's nothing here to hurt anybody; only a few sheep. I'm going."

Velma turned sorrowfully back; but she had hardly shut the gate before she heard Jennie scream, —

"Velma, open it quick! Those old sheep are after me!"

She saw what the trouble was, and the gate was quickly open, and Jennie by her side.

GATHERING ROSES.

What a merry time these little girls are having! They are cousins, spending this lovely June day with aunt Kinny. She is sitting at the window, enjoying the pleasant sight.

The cousins are gathering roses from this beautiful bush. Aunt Kinny has a large flower garden, and roses are her special delight. There is every variety that you can think of, and every shade of color that one could wish.

The girls are gathering white roses now, and the snowy leaves are scattered all about.

"O! it snows, aunt Kinny!" cried one.

"Snow in June! O, how funny!" cries another; and then a handful of the delicate white petals descends upon their aunt.

"This snow doesn't melt, if it is a warm day, does it?" she asked, pleasantly.

"It's a new kind," answered Emmie, who sat upon the ground with her lap full of roses.

DRIVING THE SPAN.

"Do you wish to drive, Isabel, and let me hold Lulie a while?" asked Mr. Holbrook, as he was riding out one day with his family.

"Yes, father, I'd like to drive the span once. I never did."

"Isn't she too small? Hadn't she better wait till she's older?" asked the careful mother.

"If she waits till she's much older, she won't care to drive at all. Will she, Amelia?" and Mr. Holbrook laughed as he turned to his oldest daughter, who sat upon the back seat with her mother.

"I think Isabel would never care to drive but once, if these horses should run away with her, as uncle Henry's did with me," replied Amelia.

"O, well, these horses are old and steady. There isn't one bit of danger. I shouldn't dare to take you all out with such horses as brother Henry drives," said her father.

"I'd like to drive these every day," said Isabel, delighted with her first effort.

THE PET LAMB.

I suppose you all know the verses about "Mary and her little lamb." If you do not, you must ask your mother or sister to repeat them.

This girl's name is Lucy, but she thinks just as much of her lamb as Mary did of hers. You see she has tied a ribbon about its neck. Now she is feeding it.

See the lamb look up into her face! Her mother says it is thanking her for the nice milk.

Lambs are very gentle creatures. They are also timid and easily frightened. But Lucy watches over her lamb so carefully that it is seldom alarmed by anything. It will sometimes stay with her half the day. If it does not follow her to school, it follows her almost everywhere else.

Once it got dreadfully frightened, however, and Lucy came very near losing her pet lamb.

On the next page you can read about the lost lamb.

WILBURN

THE LOST LAMB.

Lucy was having a frolic with her lamb one day, when a large dog came into the yard, barking savagely. Lucy tried to drive him away, but she could do very little, as she was afraid of him.

The poor little lamb did not know what to do. It ran all about the yard, and at last jumped over the low fence and ran into the woods not far from the back of the house.

The dog was eager to follow, but at that moment a man came into the yard and called him away. Lucy felt glad to have the dog safely out of the yard, yet she was in despair about her lamb.

But her mother thought if she went into the woods and called, it would come if not too far away. Lucy went quickly and tried.

How glad she was to hear it answer her call! And soon, to her great joy, she saw it running towards her. Her father had started with his horse, but when he saw the lamb he turned back.

"STILL HIGHER."

See these children and their mother climbing over the rocks as they try to reach the highest part of this grand old mountain.

Newton and his sister Caroline are on next to the highest point we can see. Cale is leading the pony carefully over the dangerous places, so that no harm may come to mother.

Little Jane and Jake, the inseparable twins, as the others call them, are not far behind. Next comes Rover; only a dog, it is true, but the children would hardly think they could take a ramble in the woods or climb the old mountain without him. Who would start the nimble squirrels on a race up the trees if Rover was left behind?

Julius is one of the last of the little party, but he could not leave Allie to climb alone. He likes to help her.

Newton is shouting to the others to come up higher. Cale does not notice, but Jake takes up the cry, "Still higher! still higher!" and sends it down to his brother below.

ALMOST NIGHT.

This is Daisy's favorite seat. She comes here to study and think, she says; but her brothers laugh at the thought, and say it is simply to look at her face in the clear water, and arrange her yellow locks.

"Golden tresses, you should say," Daisy good-naturedly responds to her teasing though much-loved brothers, Hugh and Ross.

"I think it will turn to a beautiful red by the time you are sixteen, Daisy," Hugh adds, mischievously.

"Not one bit quicker than yours will turn to a lovely pink," retorts Daisy, with a gay laugh.

"Suppose you give us the benefit of all your thought and study by the river, Daisy," said Ross, as he caught her in his arms one afternoon.

"You know enough already, Ross," Daisy answered, as she slipped from his arms and ran to her retreat. Here she sat dreaming so long that Hugh followed.

"It's almost night, Daisy! If you are going to stop here, I hope you'll have a soft bed and pleasant dreams. Good night!"

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